



Sing a song of sixpence



27 1 5

Chapter 1 by Tish

The yarn was in beautiful pastel colors, Peri thought. It was baby yarn, in skeins so large she figured she could get one blanket out of each skein. The price wasn't too bad, but everything was more expensive. She bought six skeins.

Peri crocheted in a pattern she knew by heart, a pattern she could do with her eyes closed, which was a good thing because the carpool left early in the morning to get a jump on traffic, and she often sat in the back seat in darkness. She decided to make each blanket with two colors each, half a skein for one side and half a skein for the other side. When she was finished, there were six baby blankets, with the colors arranged so no two were alike.

It has been said that you don't miss something if you've never had it. Peri didn't have children, had never been pregnant, and in her forties had realized it didn't bother her that other women her age were knee-deep in PTA meetings and soccer practice. She had her yarn and crochet hooks, her pets, her volunteer activities, the ping-pong group on Tuesday nights, the gaming group on Saturday nights. She wasn't missing a thing.

The six baby blankets puzzled her for a bit. She wasn't sure why she made them, because the people she knew who were pregnant at the moment didn't fit as recipients for these blankets.

It was evening when she finished the last one and threw them all in the washing machine. As Peri closed the lid and started the machine, an image popped into her head. It was a road sign she passed every day coming home from work: "Rachel's Refuge: Domestic Violence Shelter". She smiled. Now she had someone to give the blankets to.

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Even though she knew the blankets weren't hers any more, she still thought of them and wondered who would be wrapped in the pink-and-cream blanket, or the green-and-yellow blanket. What she couldn't know was the blankets' stories, each of which make up their own chapter:

Chapter 2 by Catherine Ryan



A desperate young woman traipsed through the rain, her shaking arms holding tightly to a little blue bundle. The nights were what made her nervous. He was always so angry at night, when the alcohol had fermented in his blood. Giving birth had made her realize that she would not raise a child in such a place. She waited until he was out cold on the couch, wrapped her newborn in an old t- shirt, and ran. She knew it would be too obvious if she took the truck. It was too loud. So she dove into the incoming storm, praying that someone's door would be open. And her prayers were answered. When she arrived at a shelter, the woman beckoned her in, eyes full of worry. The baby screamed his disapproval, curled hands shaking with tiny anger. He would be alright. The woman was soaked through, but when offered a change of clothing, she refused to leave her child. Someone handed her a baby blanket. It was yellow and red. It fit perfectly around the babe as his mother swaddled him. She commented on what beautiful craftsmanship it was. Across the city, Peri felt a tiny bit of warmth flood her body, and she knew that her work had just come to serve another soul.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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